





IN THE DRAWING OF
THIS 24 HOUR COMIC
I MAY HAVE GOT A
FEW FACTS WRONG.
MISREPRESENTED
SOME FURNISHINGS
OR ITEMS OF
CLOTHING,



SOME OF
THESE FACTS
I WILL NOT
CHANGE,
MY MEMORY
IS VERY
PRECIOUS TO
ME. IT IS
MY PERCEPTION
SEQUENTIALISED
BETWEEN ABSENCES

(though no absence occurred
here, and absence does not
take on so clear a form)



IF YOU'RE
A MEMBER
OF THE
FAMILY, OR
KNEW MY
GRAN
PLEASE TAKE
AN ADEQUATE
AMOUNT OF
TIME TO
REMEMBER &
GRIEVE IN YOUR
OWN WAY

NOBODY COULD OR SHOULD
TAKE YOUR MEMORIES FROM
YOU. THIS TIME YOU
HAVE WITH THEM IS LIFE

AND ITS AFTERLIFE

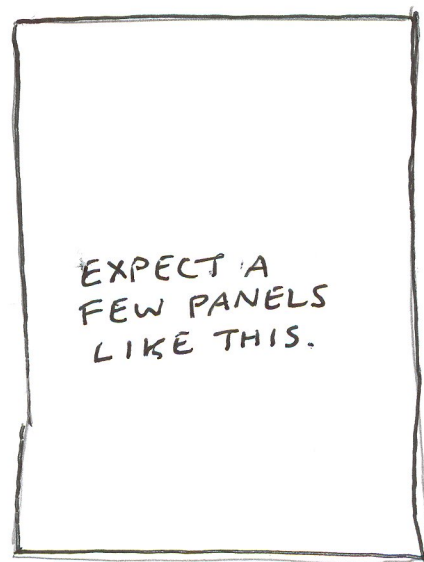
LIKEWISE SOME OF THE
IDEAS, CONCEPTS &
BELIEF SYSTEMS EXPRESSED
HEREIN BELONG TO ME
IE. (THAT IS) THIS COMIC
STRIP IS © ANDREW
LUKE, 2007



ITS NOT BEEN
MY DESIRE
TO CAUSE ANY
OFFENCE.
ANY PERCEIVED
AXES TO GRIND
UNLESS SPECIFICALLY
STATED, ARE
NOT PRESENT.

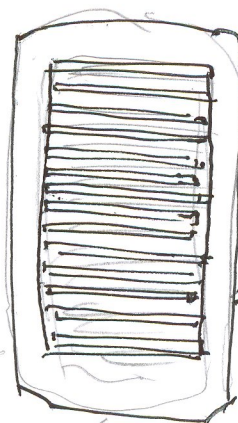


THE SUBJECT MATTER IS
INTENDED TO RELATE TO
PEOPLE LIVING + MAY
CONTAIN REFERENCES TO
PEOPLE DEAD.



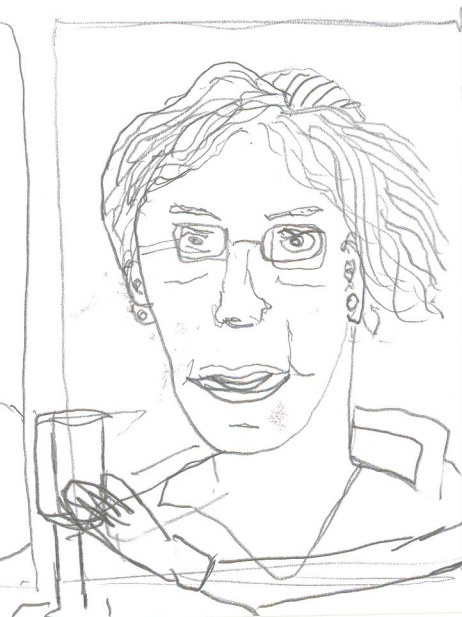
EILEEN LUCAS HAD BEEN QUITE ILL FOR A FEW YEARS.

MAYBE THE SMOKES.
MAYBE THE ASBESTOS FROM MY GRANDFATHER'S LAUNDRY.



A FEW MONTHS AFTER HER 76TH

HER 75TH WAS A SMASHING PARTY BY THE WAY.





Her 75TH
Birtholay

The tubing that
carried the oxygen to her last
few years rests in her hand,
spiralled like a lasso from
all those westerns she used
to watch.



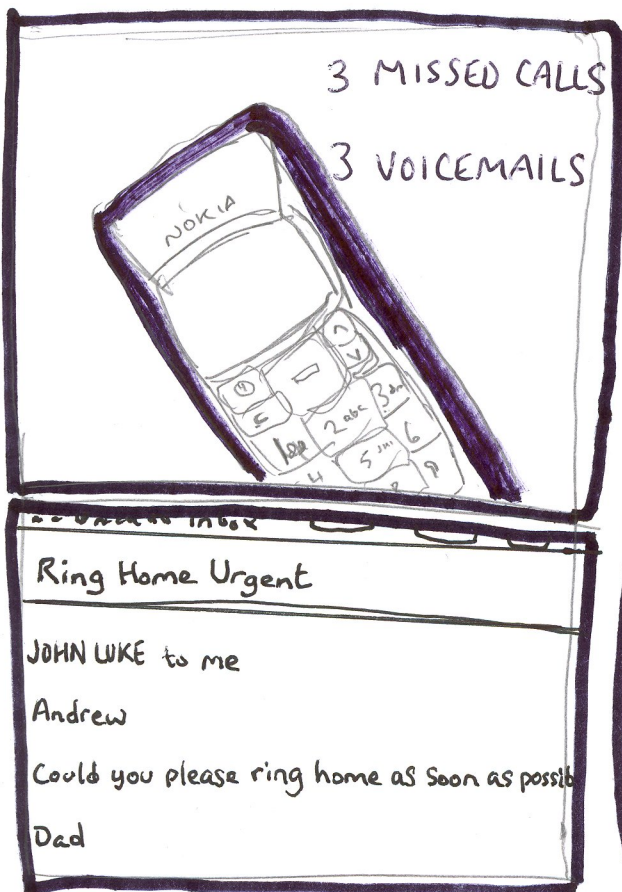
THE SUN WAS COMING IN THROUGH THE UMBRELLAS CREATING SOLAR POWER IN THE SHAPE OF A WINDMILL. OUR BABY BEER BOTTLES MAGNIFY THE EFFECT ON THE DECKING. MY SKETCHES ARE PASSED AROUND TO AMUSEMENT, COMMENTARY AND CRITIQUE. GRANNY EILEEN URGES A FEW OF US TO HAVE A DRINK FOR HER.



AT THE MOMENT SHE LEAVES HER BODY, I'M UNAWARE OF THE CHANGE.



TALKING TO LEANNE, WONDERING WHAT TO SAY. HER FAMILY PETS THE CHOOKS, MANY WIPE OUT BY FOXES.



WHEN SHE'S GONE I DON'T FEEL THAT EMPTINESS IN THE SPACE AROUND ME

AFTER A FEW HOURS MY EYES MOISTEN. NO TEARS YET.

THIS ISN'T UNUSUAL FOR THE RECENTLY GRIEVING, SAY THE PSYCHICS IN THEIR PAMPHLETS



DEALING WITH BEREAVEMENT
NOWADAYS IS ACCOMPANIED
BY A LANDSCAPE OF
HYPERLINKS

EASYJET

DEPARTING FROM

DEPARTING ON

ARRIVING IN

TRY OUR
SPECIALS!

HOLIDAY BREAK
IN
DRELAND

beach
ball →

horse →



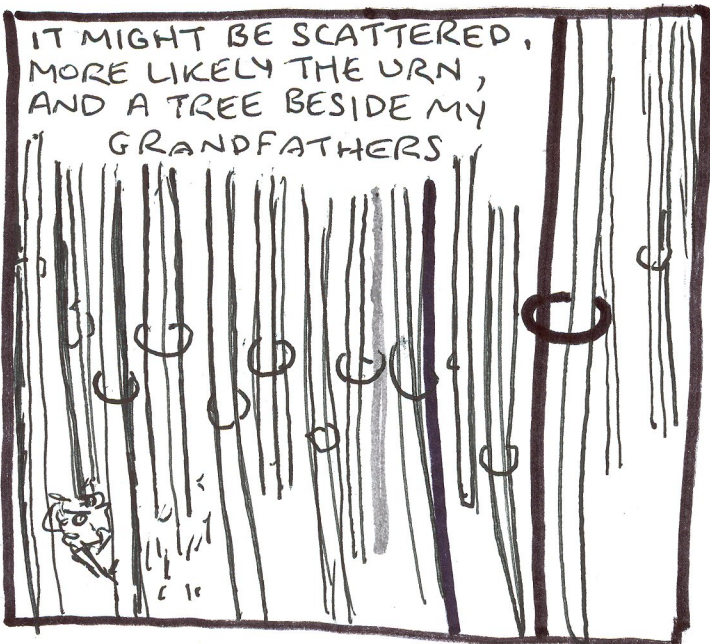
IF I HAVE ANY UNDEALT WITH
EMOTIONS, THEY'RE ACCOMPANIED BY
3 ATTEMPTS AT GETTING MY DEBIT
CARD DETAILS RIGHT & A WORLD
SECURITY STATE THAT WANTS TO KNOW
THE PURPOSE OF MY VISIT. I'LL TELL IT
(THEM) WHAT I TOLD THEIR LIMITED
UNDERSTANDING DROP-DOWN MENU.



I have photos
a whole journal

I'm not ready
to share it in
this place.

IT MIGHT BE SCATTERED,
MORE LIKELY THE URN,
AND A TREE BESIDE MY
GRANDFATHERS



24 HOURS AFTER THIS COMIC IS
DONE I'LL BE IN THE AIR FOR BELFAST.

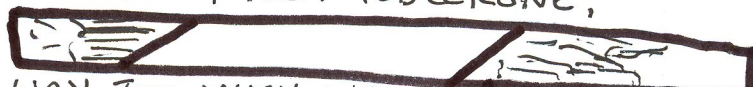


FROM ONE VEHICLE FULL OF LIFE TO
ANOTHER. THEN IN THE NEXT
MORNING TO SEE THE VEHICLE THAT
MY GRANDMOTHER USED TO USE.



QUANTITY

WHEN I WAS 9 YEARS OLD MY GRAN
TOOK ME ON A FLIGHT TO WESTERN
AUSTRALIA. WE STOPPED AT
SINGAPORE, BANGKOK, WE WATCHED
MOVIES TOGETHER, AND I SHARED
A THIRTY FOOT TOBLERONE,



WAY TOO MUCH INFORMATION FOR
TODAYS REQUIREMENTS.

ON WEDNESDAY HER OLD VEHICLE WILL
BE MADE A COMPACT.

Probably an
urn.

SHE'S NOT IN ANY
PHOTOS OF HER
CORPSE. SHE'S
LEFT HER VEHICLE.

SHE'S GONE FOR
THE AFTERLIFE.

THIS
LIFE.

SHE'S
HERE NOW.

ON THIS PAGE
AND IN THIS PEN.



IN MY FAMILY'S ASSOCIATION WITH
JUDAEO-CHRISTIAN MYTHS AND
BELIEFS, SHES IN HEAVEN AND
NOT IN HEAVEN AT ONCE.



Your names not
on the list, Mrs. Lucas

So how come I've
seen you in here before?

Well if ya
don't mind
me sayin',
i think
you need
to loosen
up.

as to how i got
in last time,
i was a good
person. Still am
i think.



also i had some
assistance from a
bottle of pernot,
a deck of cards
and a few good
chums.

now: i've brought
a bottle of bailleys
with me, lets get
to the bar and i'll
pour you a wee
glass.



IN HELL AND NOT IN HELL PARALLEL



MY GRANDMOTHER & GRANDFATHER MIGHT HAVE BEEN ~~AND~~ OR BE AT HOME IN THE REALM OF BAACHUS OR ONE OF THE DEITIES IN THE "PARTIETHEON"



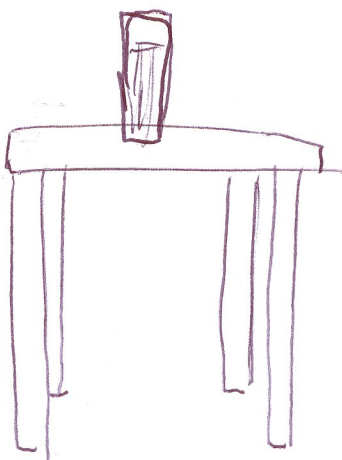
She's dancing with angels



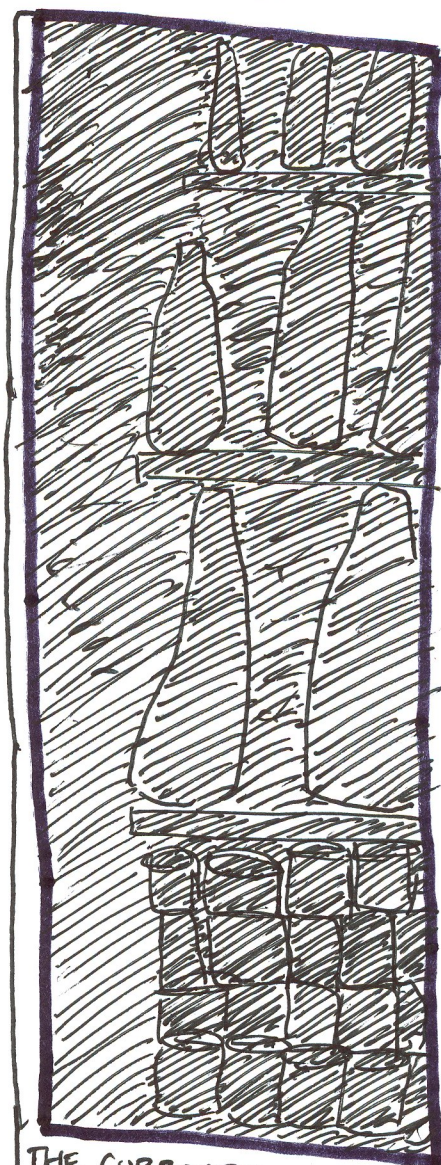
you boys would be much better

having a wee flutter with this bag of pennies

firm adherence to the principles of Bernie Dekoven & other fun theorists.



closer to actual size: how did she fit in en?



THE CUPBOARD UNDER THE STAIRS FILLED WITH COKE & MAINE (FOR US) AND PERNOT, GUINNESS, BELLS, DRAMBUIE & OTHERS

IN EVERY MOMENT WERE I DANCE UNSELFCONSCIOUSLY



i saw my gran pissed off her face plenty, but i never saw her abuse alcohol.

Much of my life seemed spent in sterile

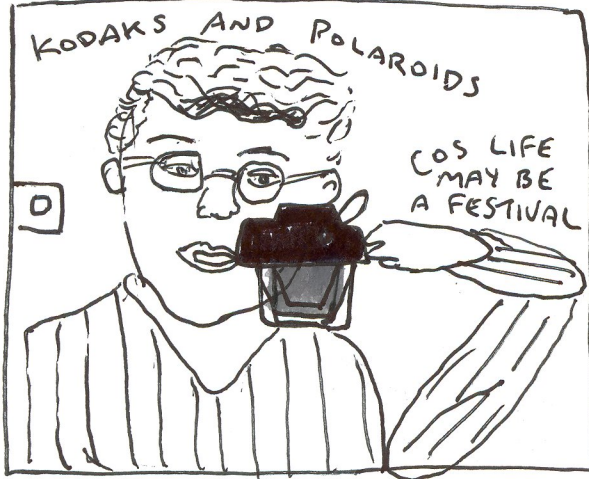
trying not to laugh

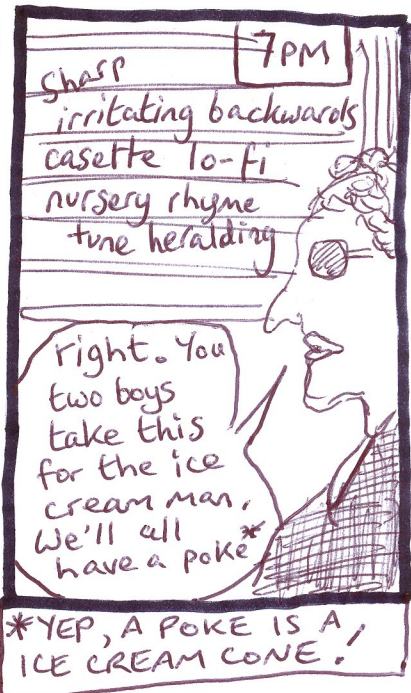
your granny is very drunk, andrew

don't do what i do andrew don't do what i do

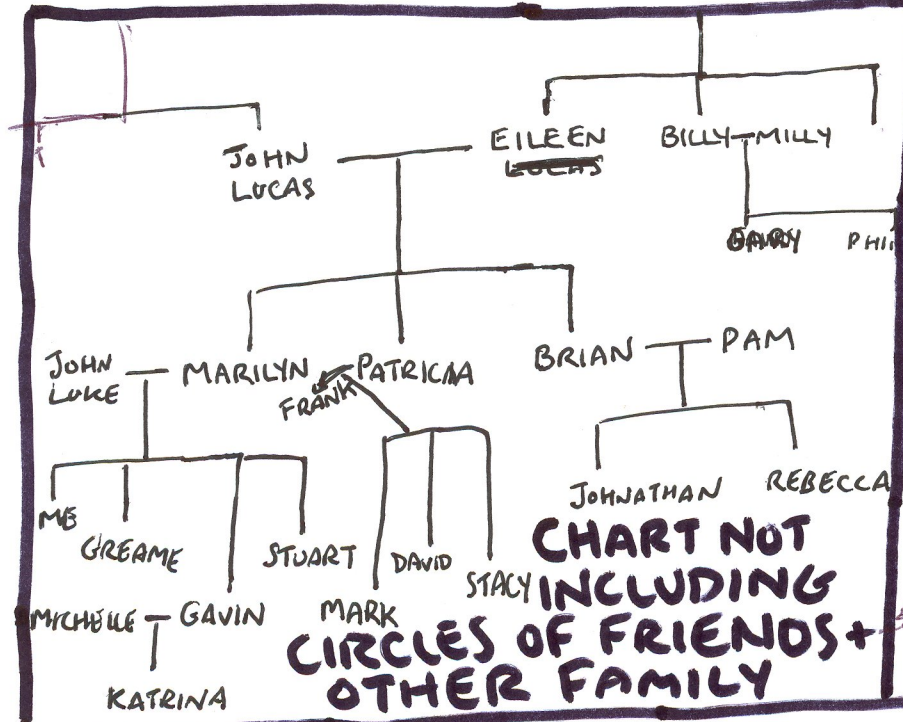
KODAKS AND POLAROIDS

COS LIFE MAY BE A FESTIVAL

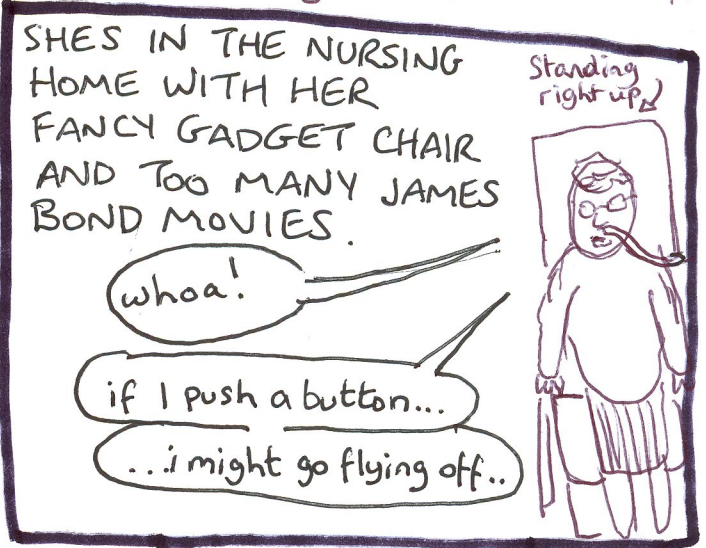


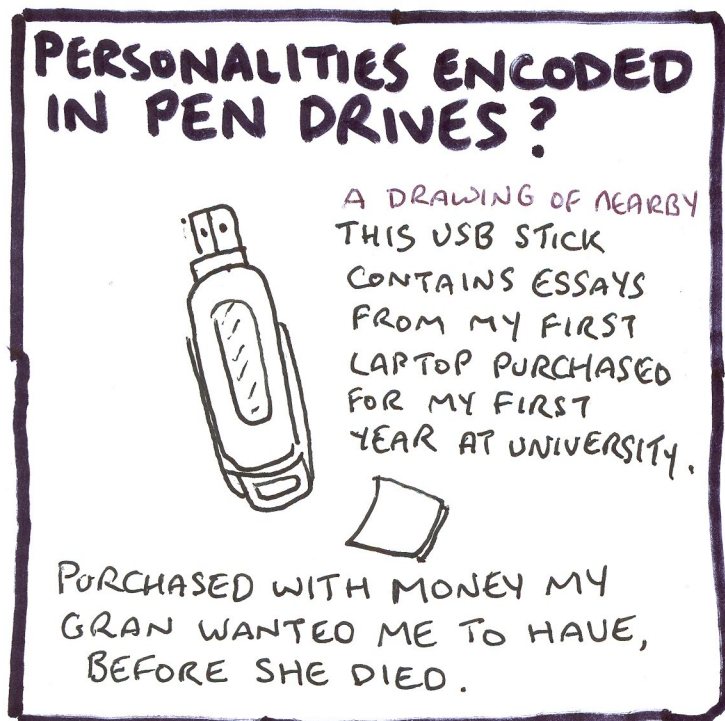
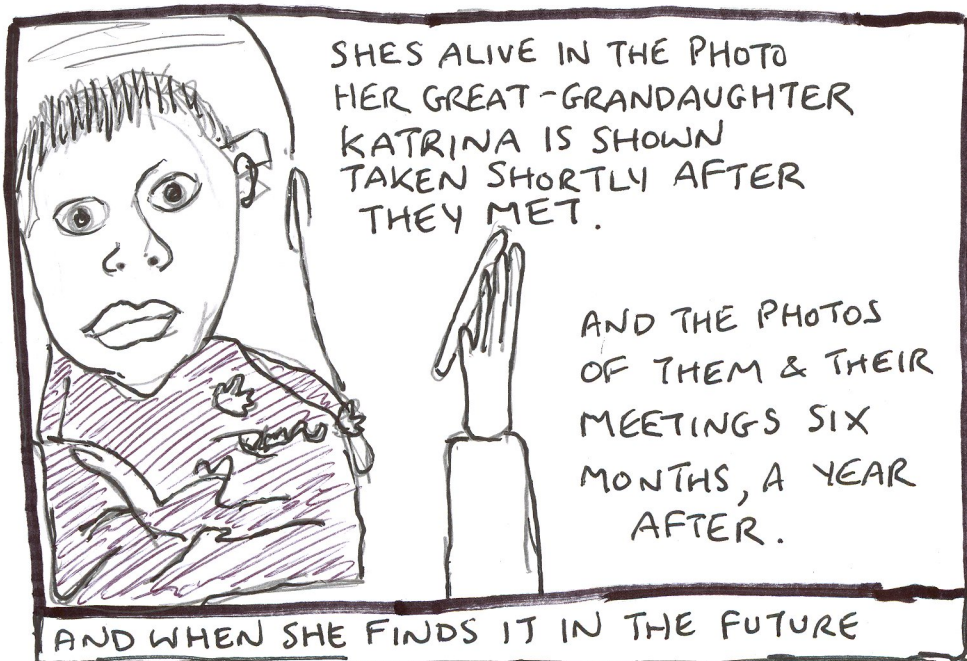


SHE TRAVELLED IN TIME.



THE HOUSES WERE PACKED







CAPTION
2005

I'm going
to take a
break -
Shave,
eat,
do all the
things.

All the
things
Sensible
for someone
who has
recently
lost a loved
one.

Anything else would
make this endeavour
Just f***ing pointless.

Yah?

I'm off to have good
tea-sex.

Or sex.

Gran used to
love tea.
I think tea
tastes like a
hug.

30 MINUTES LATER...

GRAN-E COMIX

ALL THE BOY
EVER WANTED
WAS TO WORK
IN COMIX!

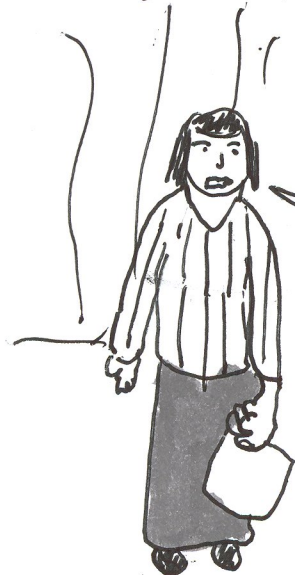
AND ONE DAY
HE DOES,
BUT FIRST...



THIS ISSUE

FAMILY!

AFTER ONE BELTING TOO FAR I PRODUCED
MY FIRST COMIC BOOK - A VICIOUS
DECLARATION OF ALL MY GRANDPARENTS
FAULTS, AND THE EVILS OF SMOKING.



YOUR GRANNY
& GRANDA
WERE VERY
UPSET AND
VERY HURT
BY WHAT YOU
WROTE ABOUT
THEM IN THAT
'COMIC'.

I EXPECT THEY'LL
BE UPSET FOR SOME
TIME TO COME.

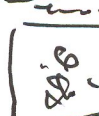


MY PARENTS WHEN THEY WORKED
WEEKENDS MY BROTHER GREAME AND
I WERE STAYING WITH JOHN & EILEEN

DOOR WULLIE - SUNDAY POST
WULLIES GOT A FISH TO FRY



THE BROONS



LOOKS LIKE THAT FISH GONE
TO FLY!

BY JINGS THATS THIN

EVERY WEEKEND WITHOUT FAIL, THE SUNDAY POST

AND THEY WERE.

I HAD TAPPED INTO BOTH
THE POWER OF COMICS
AND AN ABILITY TO
MANIPULATE AND DESTROY
CLOSE ONES EMOTIONS.



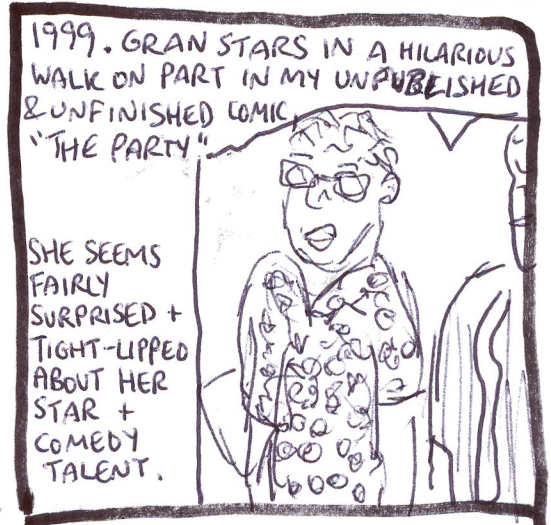
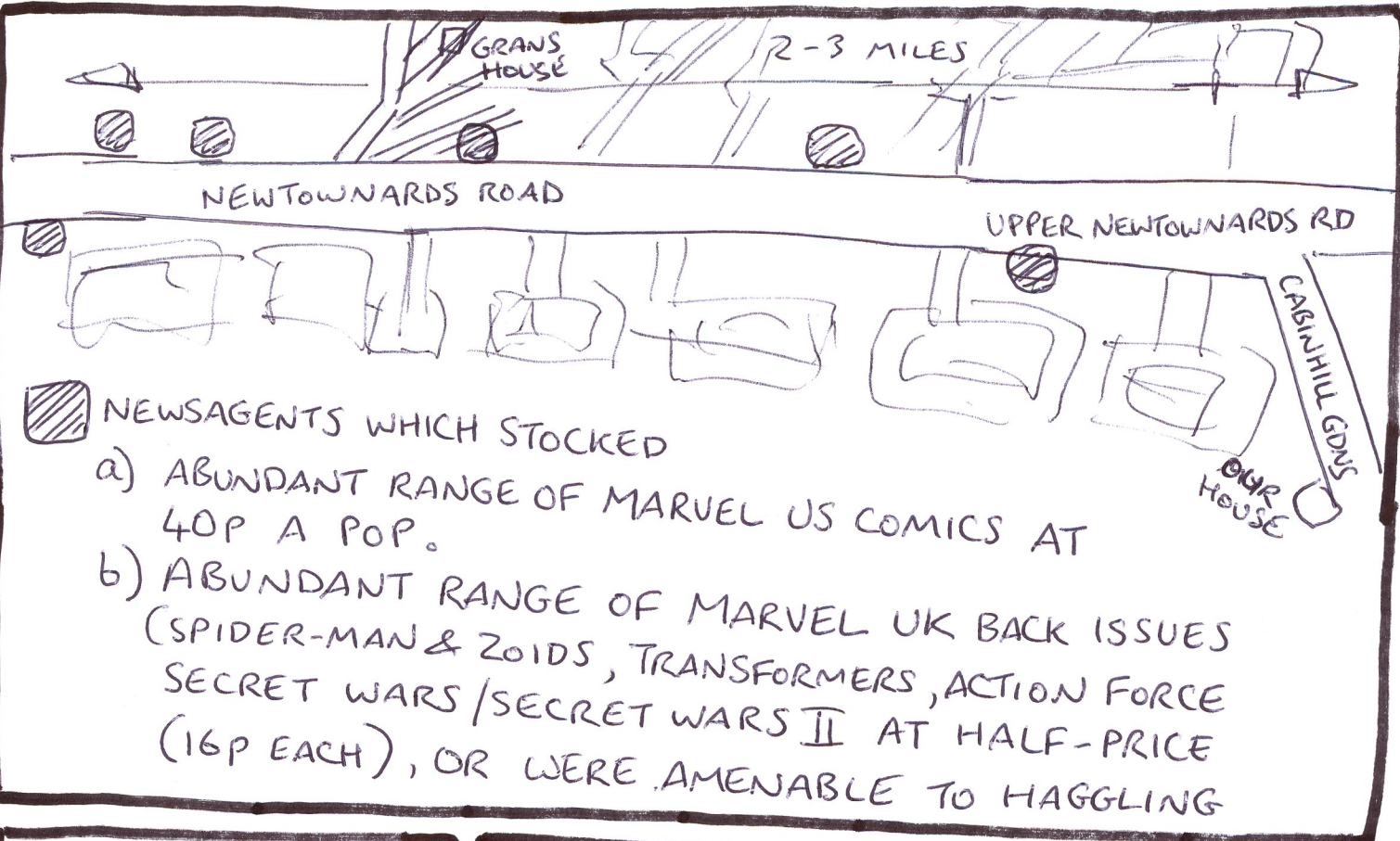
I MUST HAVE BEEN ABOUT 7 OR 8

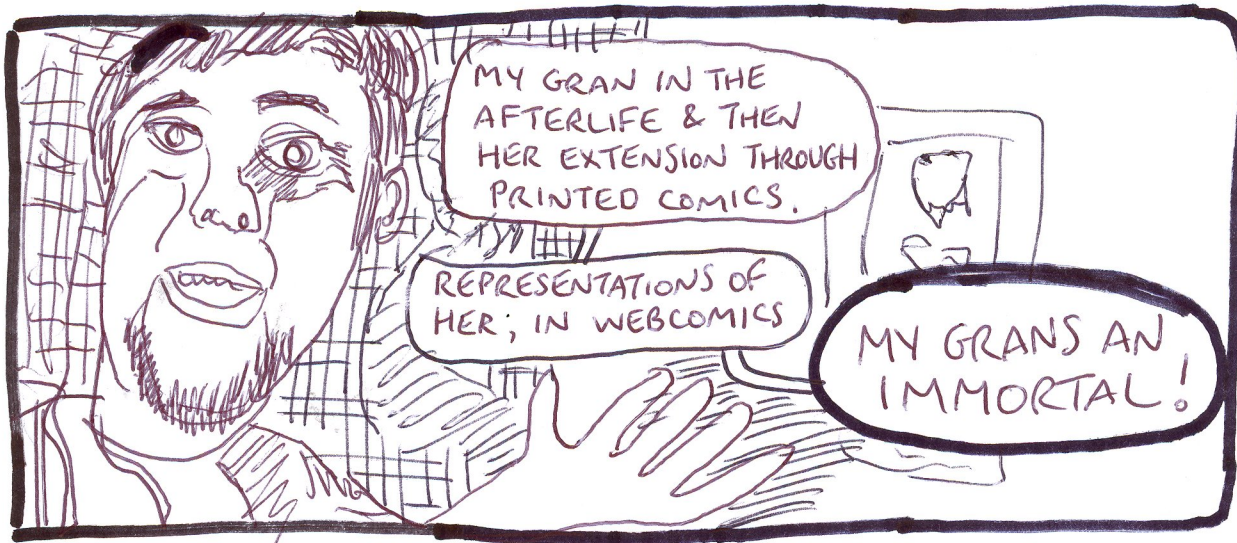


I APOLOGISED DIRECTLY FOR IT
ABOUT HALF A DOZEN TIMES
OVER THE YEARS

IT TOOK SO MUCH LONGER
FOR ME TO FORGIVE MYSELF

WHEN I WAS 14 I SERIOUSLY GOT INTO MY MARVEL COMICS. I HAD A PAPER ROUND THAT PAID £5.62 A WEEK.





MY GRAN IN THE AFTERLIFE & THEN HER EXTENSION THROUGH PRINTED COMICS.

REPRESENTATIONS OF HER; IN WEBCOMICS

MY GRANS AN IMMORTAL!



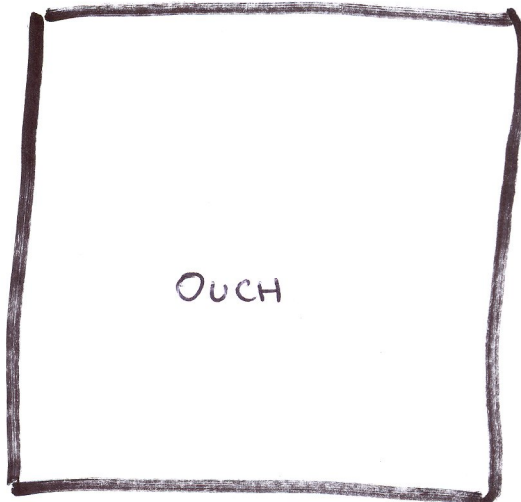
SHE'S NOT A GHOST AROUND TO TELL ME THATS IN VERY POOR TASTE.



MY CLOTHING CHANGE THERE.

I CAN'T JUST FUCK AROUND WITH CHRONOLOGY (A DIFFERENT SHIRT)

I CAN'T MOVE FORWARD IN TIME, COVERING MISTAKE.



OUCH

2:43 AM

AROUND 51 HOURS SINCE SHE LEFT HER VEHICLE FOR THE FUTURE.

438 MILES AWAY MY PARENTS REST. IN ANOTHER ROOM, MY AUNT AND COUSIN.

GOOGLE MAPS COULD NOT CALCULATE DRIVING DIRECTIONS BETWEEN WESTERN AUSTRALIA AND COUNTY DOWN.

ME MDM.



THE LAST TWO DAYS SHE'S BEEN KEEPING LENGTHY HOURS.

GETTING ALL THE DETAILS SORTED.

SHE'S A NURSE AND ITS IN HER SOUL.

ITS THE SORT OF THING SHE DOES.

LONG HOURS FOR LOVED ONES.

"SHE'S CONFUSED." PROBABLY EXHAUSTED



I COULD NEVER BE AS ATTENTIVE OR CARING IN SKILL AS THAT ONE.



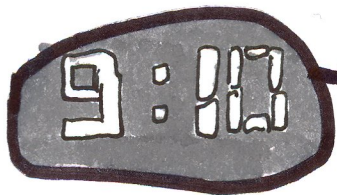
I'VE BEEN IN LECTURES 5 DAYS A WEEK

MY ARM IS THE ONLY PART OF MY BODY IN PAIN.

12 PAGES IN 12 HOURS.

I PROMISED FRIENDS IF THIS WAS GOING TO BE TOO HARD ON ME I'D BAIL.

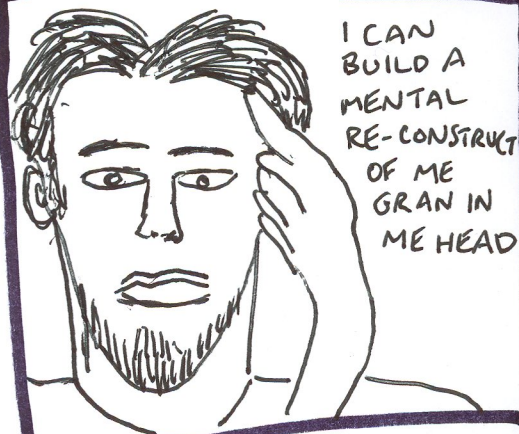
I THINK THATS MY CUE.



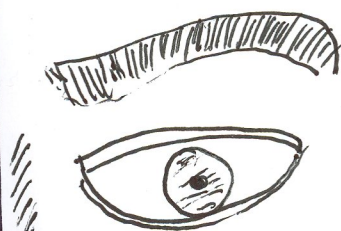
TIME HEALS ALL
WOUNDS



NO SENSE PUSHING
THE CLOCK, BUILDING
IN PARALLEL THOUGH



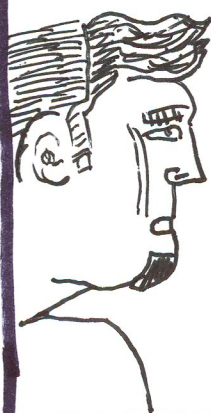
I CAN
BUILD A
MENTAL
RE-CONSTRUCT
OF ME
GRAN IN
ME HEAD



THEY TAUGHT
ME WELL.



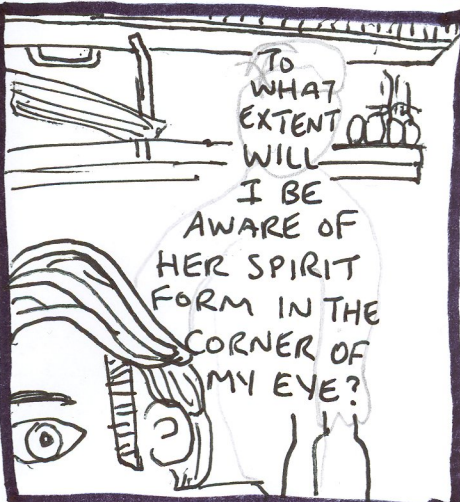
EXCEPT FOR
EMERGENCIES
IN
HEIGHTS OF
JOYS



"SHOULD MEET
GRAN EILEEN"
"GET ON A HOOT"

OH SHE'S
WOULDA
GONNA
LOVED THIS
ONE

WILL I GIVE UP
AND TRY TO
REACH HER
BY ASTRAL
PROJECTION?



TO
WHAT
EXTENT
WILL

I BE
AWARE OF
HER SPIRIT
FORM IN THE
CORNER OF
MY EYE?



IF THERES PAIN, COULD BE
I'M NOT FEELING IT - SO
RELEIVED HERS HAS GONE.



SHE HAS
PAIN

UNBEARABLE
INSUFFERABLE
PAIN...

ENDED.

18 CHEVIOT AVENUE



A STREET OF FAIRLY UNIFORM TERRACE HOUSES.



THE ROOFSpace HAD COLOURED RIBBONS AT AN APERTURE LEADING TO MY GRANDFATHER'S WORKSHOP.

THE HALLS AND CARPETS WERE A SMOKY WHISKEY BROWN.



14 RIBBONS, I COULDN'T TELL YOU. IT USED TO BE MY UNCLE'S BEDROOM GREAME & I WOULD LARK IN AND OUT OF THERE.

YEARS LATER AS AN ADULT I WOULD VISIT MY GRAND-DAD, AND DEARLY LOVE TO GO IN THERE. IT SMELT LIKE A WORKSHOP. ICE CREAM TUBS FULL OF NUTS, SCREWS, WASHERS AND BOLTS.



I CAN REMEMBER EVERY INCH OF THE HOUSE IN GREAT DETAIL.

I'M NOT WILLING TO SHARE. HOW DO I KNOW THERS NOT A BURGLAR READIN THIS?



ITS OK ME.

THOSE ARE YOUR MEMORIES AND YOU CAN DO WITH THEM WHAT YOU LIKE

MAY BE OFF-PAGE YOU WILL SHARE THEM.

"I MEAN, ITS COMIX. YOU DON'T OWE NOBODY NOTHIN"



SHE'S SNUCK OUT THE BACK FOR A LIE-DOWN

ALL THOSE PEOPLE I MET THROUGH HER 'GET GATSBY A FAMILY EXISTENCE'...

THE CLUB

WILL PARTS OF OUR PATHS CROSS?



THATS WHEN I REALISE WERE MY PARENTS OBSESSION WITH FAMILY COMES FROM.

ITS GOOD



"ITS OK MARILYN, I GOT IT"



UNCLE BILLY
GOES TO SCOFF
WHOLE TRIFLE
BY SELF

APPROX 1982

SHE'S HAVING A GIGGLE
UPON HEARING MY BRO
GREAME HAS TRIED TO
CUT OFF HIS COWS LICK

oh dear
oh dear
ohdear

What?

2004
MY
GRADUATION

EARLY
~~1980~~ NINETIES
AND M&E MOMS
OFF TO WORK
AT A ROMANIAN
ORPHANAGE.

SO PROUD
OF HER
ONCE MORE

SHE GREETES MY GRANDFATHER-
HE AND CHARLIE DOG MISSING
FOR TWO TO THREE HOURS

SHE GIVES
AUDIENCE
TO ANOTHER
GENERATION

GRANNY!
IS THERE
ANYTHING
I CAN GET
FOR YOU?

JOHN
WHERE IN
THE BLAZES
WERE YOU
TO THIS HOUR?

WE
WERE
THINKING
ALL SORTS

TRANSPIRES THEY'D
GONE FOR A WALK
ROUND THE COAST
AND LOST TRACK
OF TIME

MWH

ANDREW, WHAT THE
DICKENS ARE YOU
DOING UP AT THIS
TIME OF THE MORNING

CARTOONS
ON TV
GRAN

AUSTRALIA - JANUARY
1982. 5 AM.

GO BACK TO BED SON.
YOU CANT BE UP AT THIS HOUR

IN THE MEANTIME WE
DO ALL THE OTHER SORTS
OF THINGS HUMAN BEINGS DO.

SLEEP



(I GOT 5½ HOURS OF SLEEP
DURING THE MAKING OF THIS
24 HOUR COMIC)

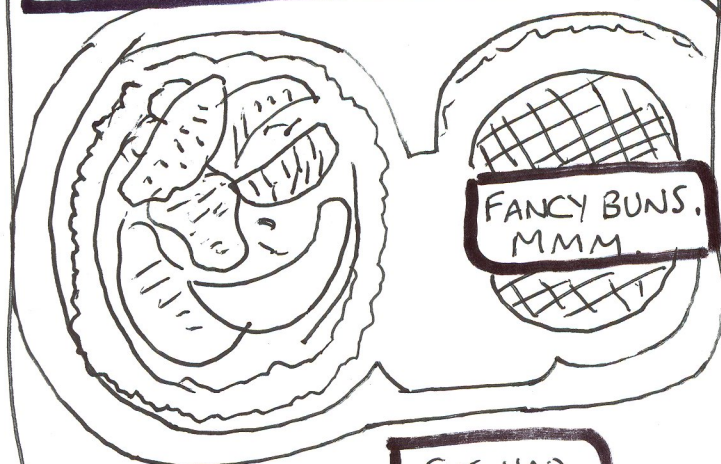
DRINK
TEA



WHEN WE CAN, WE EAT.

FANCY BUNS,
MMM

SHE HAD
A FEW!



AND WATCH THE
GOLDEN AGE OF
HOLLYWOOD ON
TEEVEE.

OH, LOOK
WHAT'S ON

Neighbours



NOT
FORGETTING
TO BRUSH
OUR TEETH



MWH

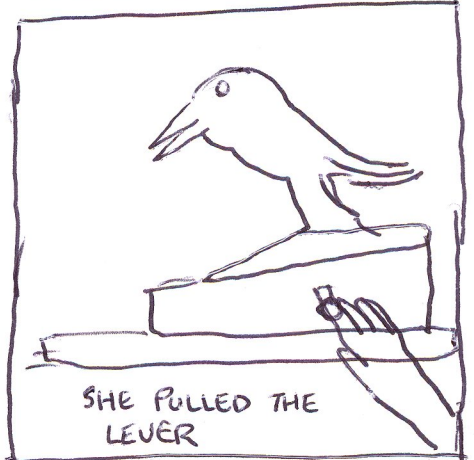


I HAVEN'T BEEN COMPLETELY
HONEST IN MY VISUAL
REPRESENTATIONS OF ~~MY~~ GRAN

APART FROM ALL
THAT STUFF ABOUT
HER BEING A
TIME-TRAVELLING
ELEMENTAL FORCE
WITH A
FOR DIMENSION-
HOPPING WITH A
CARRY-OUT, THAT
MUCH WAS TRUE.



ON A DRESSER WERE
AN ANTIQUE WOODPECKER



SHE PULLED THE
LEVER



AND THE BOX DID
EXTEND.



AND WOODEN BIRDIE HAS
A CIGARETTE.



SHE LOVED
HER CIGS
DID SHE

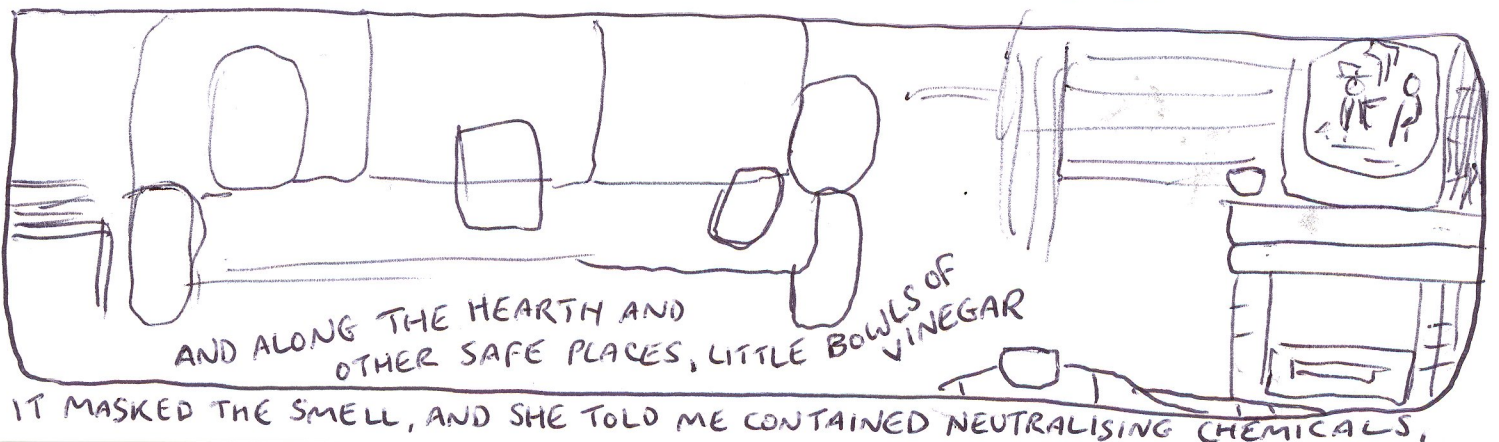
BUT BEFORE MY
BROTHERS & I
STARTED SMOKING

AND AFTER
AND INBETWEEN
AND BEFORE OUR
SMOKES SHE
TOLD US...

Y'KNOW I WISH
I'D NEVER STARTED
THE DAMN THINGS

AND ITS A
FOOL WHO DOES.

SHE KEPT HER HOME SPOTLESS.



AND ALONG THE HEARTH AND
OTHER SAFE PLACES, LITTLE BOWLS OF

VINEGAR

IT MASKED THE SMELL, AND SHE TOLD ME CONTAINED NEUTRALISING CHEMICALS.

Gran says
(i reckon i recall)
VERMOUTH
works well
with a number
of things.

So i'm going
to find out
if it works
with coffee



AARGH!
i hate myself,
i hate myself,
and my stupid
fucking lameass
skill memory
+ DUMBASS JUDGEMENT

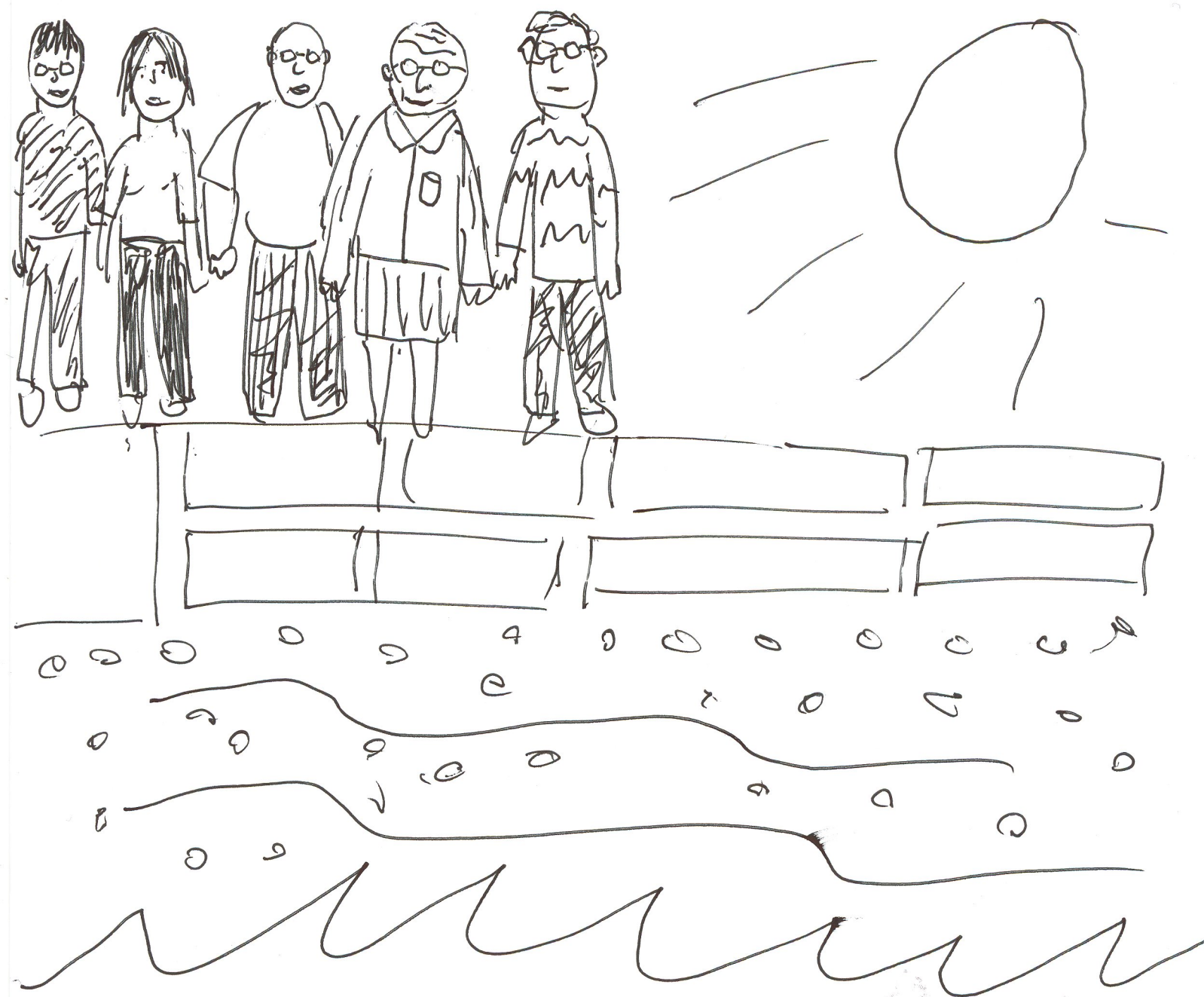
DON'T
DO IT
KIDS.
CONTAINERS
FLOATERS
AND YUCK



my gran had the biggest hooter.

It ran in our family.

I remember seeing a documentary on eskimoes - they all had big hooter-noses. Apparently they were ~~at~~ good at protecting their families from the cold elements.



WHENEVER I THINK OF MY GRAN ITS
ALWAYS BY THE BEACH, IN THE SUN.
AND SOMEONE HAS MADE SLIDES.

MWH



